



RESTORATION

MARY
IS
THE
ADMIRABLE
ECHO
OF
GOD

de Montfort
St. Louis

VOL. XIV.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—JANUARY, 1961

No. 1

A Love Letter To Almighty God

By Eddie Doherty

Happy New Year to You, dear God, to Your lovely world, and to all the people You have put upon it. May this year hasten the coming of Your kingdom. May Your will be done everywhere on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this year our daily bread, our daily assurance of Your protection and Your love, and the continued tender care of Mary, Our Lady of the Trinity, Our Lady of Combermere, Our Lady of 1961.

The years scurry from us fast, Lord. They vanish steadily, and in order, one by one. It seems as though each day were but the tick of a clock, an infinitely accurate clock, an alarm clock set for an hour known only to Yourself. May the sound of that alarm be sweet, not strident, when it rouses me from this long happy dream, this life. And let me thank You for this new year that has come to bless us.

To You, holy men have told us, a thousand years are as a day; and a day is as a thousand years. But You are in eternity; and we know only time. We know it and we treasure it — or we squander it as though it had no value.

Dynamite and Trucks

Until a sunny day in last November I thought I had lived a long long time. I had passed my seventieth birthday, and considered myself a little past my prime. Then I picked up a stone from the dust of the road, and felt, for a moment, that I had scarce begun to live. The stone, though it looked as beautiful and sparkling and new as if You had created it only the day before, had known the flood that covered the earth in the days of Noah. It had endured uncounted centuries of history before the ark was made. It had known glaciers, volcanoes, earthquakes, the pressure of great depths of oceans, the heat of liquid lava, the violence of wind and wave and weather, the intolerance and attrition of other stones, the shock and the roar of dynamite, and the tires of heavy trucks.

Once, perhaps, it was a mighty layer of thick rock. But time and circumstance had ground it down to a stone that I could hold. Some-

day it would go back into the pinch of sand—with which it started—but that might be centuries hence.

I felt ridiculously young. And then, this is confusing even to me, I felt impossibly old. For it came to me that You had had me in Your mind before You made the world or any part of it. Therefore I was older than the earth, older than the moon and the stars, older even than the sun. I too am but a pinch of sand, or dust. But I have had a harder struggle to survive than any stone can boast. Stones do not die as men do. Men die every day. All through the history of mankind I have walked a tight rope high above the valley of the dead—and, so far, I have not slipped.

History of a Man

I have known Paradise in my long existence, and have forgotten it. I spoke with You there, God, face to face. I walked with You there, and with the woman You fashioned so exquisitely from my rib. I sinned against You there; and Your angel drove me away. I lost my innocence and my dignity and all the privileges You had given me. I found toil and sweat and tears and the necessity of dying. I heard You curse the serpent that destroyed me and the woman, and I heard You promise a Redeemer. I suffered cold and heat, knew fear, disaster, sorrow, fury, scorn. I went through frightful wars and raids and rapines and massacres and epidemics and periods of captivity and famine. I experienced tortures, humiliations, defeats, disgrace, diseases, and despair.

Long years I waited, in prayer and fasting, in revelry and riot, for the Redeemer You would send. I saw Him when He came. I listened to His teachings, and loved and hated Him. I followed Him as a lamb with a shepherd. I taunted Him, hanging on His cross. And I wept for Him and mourned Him. And through the long years since the angels rolled the great stone from His tomb, I have worked and fought against Him, and I have suffered and died for Him. I have a man's heart, even though I am a stone.

You remember, Lord, the November night I woke in the Pembroke General Hospital, after an operation, and heard a voice uttering words never spoken to me before, nor shown to me in writing: "I am as a stone in Your hand, O Lord. Drop me not into the dirty street, nor hurl me from You into the abyss. Keep me close 'til You have need of me."

I am Your Stone

I wrote the words and went to sleep, exhausted. I woke with others snatching at my consciousness, demanding publication. "Roll me down the mountain sides of the world as a warning, that sinners may beware of the avalanche of Your anger, and flee to the shelter of Your mercy."

I suspect it was Your voice I heard that night. I suspect You write most of the words I claim as mine—as a father guides a pencil in the awkward fingers of a child. The pencil forms letters that make words. The words express ideas. The child takes credit for it all, though he may not understand the full import of what has been written. And he cries, "I am an author!" I suspect you guide the pens of many poets. How else could Shakespeare have written those lines that cannot die?

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

I am as a stone in Your hand. But I have life in me, and free will, and memory, and some power to reason, and an ability to express my thoughts—sometimes. And I have love. Love for everybody. Love for everything good and beautiful and true. Love for You. And I have an eternal future. I am no ordinary stone.

The stone will turn back into sand. My body will turn back into dust. But I shall never die.

Business As Usual

Stones, I observed, were disintegrating, dying, all around me on the road; and the little brook was washing their remains down to the web of rivers which will sluice them back into the bed of

Like Women In Holy Writ

On the evening of Dec. 8th, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, His Excellency, the Most Reverend W. J. Smith, bishop of Pembroke, presented Mrs. Eddie Doherty, foundress of the Madonna House Apostolate, with the papal medal "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice", at a ceremony in the parish church of Combermere, the Church of the Canadian Martyrs.

Mrs. Doherty was one of two women in the diocese to be given this outstanding honor. The other was Mrs. J. L. Murray of Renfrew, Ontario.

The bishop said, in part:

Given for Merit

"This is one of the happiest of many happy occasions in the history of the Pembroke diocese. For I, as the representative of His Holiness, in this part of the vineyard of the Lord, have the joy of presenting this insignia to one who so well merits it from the Holy See. This decoration, 'for the Church and for the Pope', is given only to those who have contributed a great deal for the welfare of the Church, and consequently for the welfare of the Holy Father. It is about the highest decoration a woman can receive. It is true that in some parts of Europe, particularly Rome, there are papal duchesses and papal countesses; but these are rare on this side of the Atlantic. This decoration is the greatest that can be received by a woman in Canada. It is given for merit, for personal merit on the part of the one who receives it.

"Now we know that the rewarding of women for a great contribution to the spread of the Gospel is not something started in this century. It has come down from the early ages of the Church. St. Paul, in some of his epistles, particularly to his dear people of Philippi, asks that some great women, Evodia, Prisca, and others, not to be forgotten. They are women, 'who have labored with me in the Gospels and whose names are in the book of life.' These words are part of Holy Writ. They are a part of the very existence of the early Church; and it is not surprising that what was done to reward women then is done now.

The Lay Apostolate

"So tonight we have the happiness and honor of presenting this medal to Mrs. Doherty, a parishioner of this parish, on behalf of the Holy Father. The history of the movement so dear to the heart of Mrs. Doherty, and those working with her, is well known to all of us here. It is well known throughout the length and breadth of this country. You know the reasons for the bestowal of this medal. It reveals the great love and desire the Holy Father has—and which his predecessors in this century had—for the work of the lay apostolate.

"This century will go down in history as the century of the lay apostolate. From all corners we are told of the absolute need of the lay apostolate.

"You know the merits of this very dedicated woman, and what she has accomplished so far. You know it has been very wonderful, and it is certainly only a sign and a gauge of what is to be accomplished in the future, under God.

"In this strange generation, in this strange world, we need the help of dedicated people. The Church needs that help. The clergy needs that help — people who can go into places the clergy cannot enter, people who can do things the clergy cannot try, people who can save many souls in their unique, peculiar, particular kinds of Catholic Action. They can affect individuals the clergy cannot reach.

"I know the Holy Father was glad to present this medal. Of course all these decorations, you know without my telling you, are given through the benevolence of the Ordinary of the diocese. The Ordinary is supposed to be a wise man; and he is supposed to know the people the Holy Father would like to honor. I don't think there

is any question about the merits of the two women of this diocese who have been honored in this way. I have heard nothing but the highest praise for the work accomplished by both.

"Three are many priests and lay people in various parts of the world who would like to be here tonight, if they knew why we had gathered here, and who would be here if they could. They are united with us in spirit.

"I wish to congratulate the recipient of this decoration given by the Holy See. I wish her length of days, so that she may continue the great work she has been doing here, and elsewhere. I know that as the days go by, this medal will remind her of the Holy Father's gratitude for the work she has accomplished, not only in her own life, but in the lives of so many others who have dedicated themselves as she did.

"And I know that she will be happy, as the years go by and the shadows fall. She will be happy to realize she was remembered in the places where it is best to be remembered."

Unity Octave

It is well to remember that the Church Unity Octave founded by Father Paul of Graymoor, begins on January 18th, and closes on January 25th — extending from the feast of St. Peter to the feast of St. Paul. The purpose is to pray for the reunion of Christendom, the conversion of unbelievers, and the return of lapsed Catholics to the Church. His Holiness Pope John XXIII has urged that the octave be promoted "everywhere throughout the world, especially in view of the forthcoming General Council, during which it is hoped our separated brethren will be copiously illuminated and strengthened by the divine Comforter." The prayer is the prayer of Christ: "That they all may be one."

Who Is He?

By Mary Ann Gilmore

In my childhood He was my Brother,
Big, protecting, strong.
I was lost in a world designed by adults;
He led me through it, helped me understand
Its demanding and confusing ways.

In early youth, He was my friend;
Gentle, consoling, kind.
In a world between my early years
And the years of growing up
He smoothed my hurts and drove away my fears.

In my twenties, through His grace,
I have become His spouse.
In a world of sin and hate He walks with me,
Keeps me from harm, and schools me in His love.

Who is He
Who makes my ways
So strange to worldly eyes?
Who is He
Who gives until I cannot help
But overflow with love for others?
Who is He
Who reaches into emptiness
And brings forth fullness?
He is my brother, friend, and spouse.
He is the Son of God!

"There is an urgency for our type of vocation. We don't have to teach catechism all day, but we have to live as Christians among the people — that Christ's message may radiate through our lives".

Georgette Wilmet
International President
International Catholic
Auxiliaries

A CROSS OF SILVER AND A CROSS OF GOLD

By Eddie Doherty

The church was warm. That helped. It was several degrees below zero, and there was a bitter wind outside so it was good to be inside. Yet I couldn't help wishing they'd get this thing started, and over with, so we could go home. The date? December 8th, 1960.

Catherine knelt beside me. She seemed indifferent, passive unconcerned utterly relaxed. But she wasn't as calm as she looked. She was seething with fear, awe, dread, and absolute incredulity. This could not possibly be happening to her. And if it was happening, then some frightful thing would happen to mar the occasion. She would faint, perhaps. She would be seized with sudden cramps. Or the bishop might realize what a sinner she was, and therefore he would change his mind—and give the medal to someone else, someone who really deserved it.

The church was nearly filled. Many of our neighbors were there some we hadn't seen in years. There were women whom Catherine had delivered, in the old days of Madonna House, when doctors couldn't get through the snow-choked roads. There were children she had brought into the world. There were men for whom she had found work when they most needed it. There were people she had fed and clothed through the years. There were boys and girls she had loved and taught. There were—most everywhere you looked—the Staff Workers of Madonna House, the Staff Worker Applicants, the Visiting Volunteers, the Working Guests, or the friends who had come for this tremendous event. There were priests and nuns.

The choir was made up of Madonna House girls, under the direction of Diane Zdunich. They sat in the front seats, on the left, before the side altar of the Infant Jesus. They had arrived early. They were in their places when Catherine and I came walking down the center aisle. It seemed to me they stared at us — like everybody else in the church—as though we were going to be married. We entered the first pew, left of the center aisle. Catherine went to her knees, and I sat down and hoped I wouldn't have long to wait.

I remembered waiting like this on several other occasions. I remembered how it felt, one June morning in 1943, for Catherine to arrive in her bridal finery so Bishop Sheil could start the nuptial Mass. I remembered waiting in a hospital, not once but twice, to hear that mother and child were doing well. I remembered waiting in other hospitals to know that my wife had come out of the ether and would be all right in a few days or a few weeks.

Lazy Snow Falling

This was a different kind of waiting. Yet the tension was the same. It was snowing outside. Had the bishop's car skidded and gone into a ditch? Were the roads from Pembroke blocked with snow? It seemed ridiculous to think so. Yet it could happen. Had he forgotten the day, or the hour? What time was it anyway? I didn't have a watch. Nobody near me had a watch. I would just have to wait.

The side door of the church began to open repeatedly, letting in cold gusts of wind that always hit my right knee. It also let in priests, boys in black cassocks and white surplices, boys in red cassocks and white surplices, boys in mackinaws and boots, boys carrying flowers, candles, suit cases, and strange-looking parcels. There was an air of leisure about them. Maddening leisure. Did they think I could wait patiently forever? Where was the bishop? What was happening to him? Why didn't he come?

A priest came out on the altar and placed a scroll on a little table. He edged the table close to the throne chair arranged for the bishop. He edged the table away from the throne chair. He edged it closer. He edged it back again. He took up the scroll, looked at it as if he had never seen it. He put it down, and moved the table slightly. The scroll had a beautiful red silk ribbon around its middle. It probably had something to do with Catherine and the medal.

Time Crawls By

He went into the secrecy of the sacristy. He came back with a small red box. He put it on the table. He moved the table. He moved it back. He returned to the

sacristy. He came in again with an alb. He arranged it, taking his time, as though it were a labor of love, or of great skill, folding it "just so" in front of the tabernacle. He looked at it, when he had done, and approved of it. He went leisurely back to the sacristy and fetched the bishop's mitre. He placed this carefully, reverently, on the gospel side. Later he brought a stole and manipule and a cope. He took pains to place them, neatly, in the exact position they demanded. There would be Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, evidently, after the conferring of the medal—if the medal was going to be conferred. Time had developed a limp!

He brought in two wooden chairs, and placed them, meticulously, on either side the bishop's throne. He edged the table slightly away from the chair on the left. He picked up the scroll, looked at it, put it down, moved it a fraction of an inch, departed.

Another priest came into the sanctuary with vigil lights. An altar boy accompanied him, also carrying vigil lights. These were placed, carefully, exactly where they belonged. They had time to dawdle with these details. So they dawdled. Well, it couldn't be much longer! Maybe time needed a crutch.

The side door blew open. More priests and altar boys came through from the outside. The last boy left the door open. My right knee cursed him. Someone got up and closed the door. Where was the bishop?

Even the Bell Limp

Two boys, one in black and one in red, came out of the sacristy and began to light the candles. They didn't exactly yawn, but I could see they were not at all excited. The Madonna House choir began to sing. A slow hymn. A very slow hymn. The church bell began to ring. Inside the church it sounded like a funeral knell. It should have been a pean of joy. It should have leaped out to greet the bishop, if he had really come. Why didn't it? Why did it drag? Why did it sound as if the cold had got into its old bones? It wasn't an old bell. Why did it sound old?

A couple of electric lights, high overhead, lit up suddenly, as though they had been awakened by the limping music of the bell and had decided to see what was going on. Well, nothing was going on, except a priest moving a table this way toward the throne, and that way away from it. Finally the exit door of the sacristy opened—hesitating a little before it made up its mind to open wide. A procession of acolytes and priests crept out, led by Louis Stockles, one of our Staff Workers. It moved as sedately and swiftly as a glacier. Louis carried the processional cross. It must have been unusually heavy. He could scarcely move beneath its weight.

They ventured out into the night, through the side door of the church. The boys carrying lighted candles did their best to shield them from the wind. The last little boy in line left the door wide open. Both my knees commented on him. A man closed the door. With a bang. My knees gave him a blessing.

Now Is Her Hour

Nothing happened for a long time. Then our choir began to sing "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus." Everybody stood up. I stood up myself. The bishop must be coming. Yes, he was somewhere back of the surpliced snails. I couldn't see him but I knew he was there. (continued on page four)

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(continued on page four)

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

This is the century of the Lay Apostolate. On the young untrained shoulders of men and women across the world is being placed a heavy responsibility... perhaps one that should have been placed there long ago and far away, so that the laity could come to this era with a deeper understanding of its place in the Church and its role in the world.

But be it as it may, they have to do so now, and they must do it in a hurry—first, because Apostles are always in a hurry. The Lord Himself reminded them not to linger too long in one place, for the glad tidings must be brought to many.

Our modern Apostles must also be in a hurry because there is little time left, because the power of evil and of darkness are truly abroad, turning even noon into night, confusing the minds of men.

Being in a hurry, though, does not mean that the training of those Apostles can be hurried. This must be thorough, it must go into depths, and it must never lose its true perspective of things... building its house on a rock, not on sand.

For the danger is grave that it might be built on the shifting sands of a hasty, worldly approach, and barely dipped in holy water.

Or the golden sands of an unrealistic sentimental approach.

Or the grey sands of an exclusively intellectual approach.

Either are dangerous.

The Apostolate must be built on the rock who is Christ. On the loneliness and humility of Christ. On the love of Christ.

True, the Apostles and the Apostolate must prepare physically, mentally, emotionally — to be missionaries to the world. But that will not be enough — unless in an abandonment of love, in utter simplicity, in Christ-like humility, and in perfect understanding of its own nothingness and insignificance—one will approach his mission with reverence and with the one desire of identifying himself with those he comes to love and serve.

If this primary, fundamental, basic approach is disregarded, then the Lay Apostolate will labor in vain; and the house it is trying to build (to shelter itself and others from the power of evil and darkness) will be swallowed by the night thereof, and its fruit will be bitter—or non-existent.

Great is the need of the Lay Apostolate. Great and urgent. And the Apostles and the Apostolate must hurry. But they must hurry prayerfully, like the humble, low, poor pilgrims that they are, who think nothing of themselves, but only the Christ Who has sent them.

JOURNEY INWARD

By Catherine Doherty

Our Lady is much beloved in Russia. And like all Russian mothers, mine, spoke of her constantly and quite naturally, on all occasions, in all seasons, during the day, early in the morning and at eventide.

Lately I have been thinking much of the many things she told me of our Lady. And not long ago, when I was coming down late at night from a high hill to Madonna House, I tried to put a few of the things my mother told me into verse—and here it is...

The Woman
Clothed with
The sun
Changes her
Dress
From time
To time...

Quite often
She comes
Down the
Rim of night
Clothed
In star-dust
Full of light...

For those
Who watch,
And those
Who pray
She gives
Star dust
Like jewels
Bright...
Or dreams
Enchanted
Through the night...

As Her hands
Touch
Their human hands—
Or as the star
Dust

Fills the night
It changes
Suddenly
Into Her Son...

Awake
Asleep
They cannot
Tell...
Did they
Embrace Him
Or did He?
Alone they
Know... She
Brings them ecstasy...

For Sinners Only

By Eddie Doherty

If you are a holy Joe, blow! If you are a saint or a seer, disappear. If you are just a sinner, like the rest of us, stick around. This may interest you.

No respectable sinner would attempt to start off the new year by neglecting to tell you something about the Archconfraternity of Christian Mothers which has such great plans for 1961. Mom has taken a beating from a lot of people the last few years. We have even been given a word deriding and cheapening her. Momism. Still she is in there praying.

Adam is the only man in history who never had a mother. I wonder what would have happened if he had had somebody to tell him about the wiles of designing young women, like that girl Eve. Would he have paid attention to her? Probably not. That's the way men are.

This organization, under the patroness of Our Mother of Sorrows, was formed not only for the sanctification of mothers, but for the sanctification of others also — through them and their good example. The general offices are in St. Augustine's church, 220 37th street, Pittsburgh, 1, Pa. But there are over 2600 units in various parts of North America. Seventy-five are located in Canada. Recently the central office organized a St. Monica's Circle, each member pledged to pray and to offer at least one Mass a week, for vocations in the parish—and, I suppose, for the conversion of us sinners.

Sinners might like to know also that they can help atone, somewhat, for "misdeeds and imperfections" by sending Catholic newspapers and magazines, and maybe paper money too, to St. Mary Mazzarello's Orphanage, at Jowai P.O., Assam, India. Sister Josephine prays for sinners constantly.

The Sisters of Charity also pray for us sinners; so it might pay you to know that at 3320 North Dousman St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, these Sisters are establishing a home for girls of high school age who, for one reason or another, are in need of a home other than their own. At present the capacity of the home is limited to six girls, but the Sisters expect to add a wing so they can take in more. The girls will live as a large normal family.

And Father Thomas Reilly, in Apartado 5145, Miraflores, Lima, Peru, prays especially for sinners. He works among the desperately poor in and adjacent to Lima. He could use the prayers of sinners too. Listen to what he says about the young missionaries up in the Andes mountains:

"They travel almost constantly on horseback over perilous roads which in some places narrow to 18 inches. Below them lie valleys 2,000 feet down. One error on the part of the horse, or one moment of fright, and we lose a Missionary... Then too these 'mountain sheep' are not very healthy. The altitude and food deficiency work havoc among them. Nine out of 17 have recently been sent to the hospital."

Another rich harvest for sinners! The Trappist Monastery of Our Lady of Calvary, in Rogersville, New Brunswick, has recently been made an abbey, which means it has "grown up." And now, only because of dire necessity, these Trappists are begging for help. They won't say anything to you if you send them a check, for they are silent; but they will talk to heaven for you. And, man, their prayers are powerful; especially for sinners.

COMBERMERE DIARY

During November, we enjoyed a very pleasant visit from Father Lavigne, O.M.I., and fifteen priests from the SEDES SAPIENTIAE INSTITUTE in Ottawa. We were happy to note their genuine interest in the lay apostolate.

Our men at St. Benedict's Acres are revelling for the first time in the luxury of electricity!

Father Briere, Mrs. Doherty, Shirley DeWitt, Mary Davis and Mike Lopez went to New York City during the American Thanksgiving weekend to attend the Second National Lay Mission Convention which considered "New Horizons in the World Mission of the Church". Some of the speakers were Rev. Fred McGuire, C.M., the Executive Secretary of the Mission Secretariate of the National Catholic Welfare Council; Dr. Tsu, Director of the Far Eastern Institute of Stone Hill University; Virginia Leary of the In-

ternational Catholic Lay Auxiliaries; Father John Considine, Director of the Latin American Bureau; and others.

We were very happy to learn of the appointment of Father Windle of the Diocese of Pembroke as an Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese of Ottawa.

Early in December, Father Fred Miller, O.M.I. gave us a very interesting lecture, with colored slides, on the missions on Victoria Island, B.C.

Four of the Men's Department took short courses at the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph; Ray and John Fecteau took a course in Farm Mechanization; Ronnie MacDonnell in Animal Husbandry; and Michael Fagan in Soil and its Uses.

Someone remarked the other day that it doesn't seem like a year since there was so much discussion of the Fatima letter to be opened in 1960!

May our continued prayers, penances, rosaries, devotions on First Saturdays help to accomplish the promises of Our Lady of Fatima in this new year.

S.O.S.

Young teachers... men and women... be quiet for a minute, if you read this. Be quiet and listen to the voice of God. For it is He who might be speaking to you, softly, in the next five minutes.

There is a desperate need for teachers on Vancouver Island. Teachers of Grade Schools. Indian day schools. Residential Schools. Listen to the litany of names where that desperate need is most felt:

TOFINO, HESQUIAHT, HOT SPRINGS COVE, AHOUSAH, OPITSAHT, KILDONAN, NOOTKA, KYQUOT, UCLUELET.

These are the places where God waits for you to come to teach His little ones.

There are so many things to distract us from the voice of God. Yet this is the age of the Lay Apostolate. Give one year, if you are stout of heart, healthy, and willing to lead an adventuresome life at the edge of the wilderness amidst beauty unsurpassed. If you are... if you have heard God's call... write Rev. Allan Noonan, O.M.I., Principal and Superior, Christie Indian Residential School Tofino, B.C.

Little Things Done Well for God's Love

By Ann Chapman

Attention all office workers! Do you know that by each moment spent typing, filing, running up and down stairs... you can shape your key to Heaven?

Unfortunately, I was not aware of this before I came to Madonna House. I felt that each day in the office, tiresome and boring as I so often allowed it to become, was necessary only to keep my body and soul together. Never did I meditate on the great privilege of my vocation to love, given me in the Sacrament of Baptism; nor on the fact that this love was, Providentially, to be expressed in sorting and resorting thousands of seemingly unimportant cards.

I did not realize that each time I typed a letter to some person, known or unknown to me, I was writing a letter to Christ Himself, in that person; and that I might show my love in typing to the best of my ability. I did not realize that God could choose a moment I spent in typing to send His message of love to someone far away; and that He was waiting patiently for me to help Him send that message.

How often I felt irked at having to get up and check the spelling of a word, or a name... to look up the full name of somebody in the card index three steps away! These extra little efforts to perfect the work seemed so meaningless. Yet God was waiting there, three steps away. I was blinded by my selfish desire to save myself from too much exertion! I was seeking, not giving. And He waited!

Three years later... yes, I am still typing, filing, and running up and down stairs. But, thanks to God's grace and Our Lady's teaching, I know that these keys that move so easily at my touch can be shaped to fit into that door waiting for me—for all of us. By completely resigning myself to His will in each moment, I make each moment one of prayer.

Probably you are aware of your vocation to love in this way. I hope so. But I wanted to share the secret with you, if you did not already know it. I wanted to share my joy and peace—for I found the key to joy and peace while shaping the key to heaven. Let us pray for one another!

WHO HELP THE POOR

This is a tale of three cities. At least three cities. It is a tale of poor men in dreadful need, and of poor men with an abundance of food, and clothing, and shelter—and love. It takes in the city of Edmonton, Alberta, where our Marian Centre feeds hundreds of men twice a day and provides them with shoes and clothing. It takes in the city of Washington, D.C., the capital of the richest nation in the world, the wealthiest country in all history. And it takes in the city of Spokane, Washington—all the way across the continent from the nation's heart. It is also, in a way, bound up with the story of Blessed Martin de Porres who, three hundred years and more ago, used to feed the hungry in the city of Lima, Peru. (There's more about Bl. Martin in another part of this paper.)

Quite recently the editors of Restoration learned of the existence of the House of Charity in Spokane, founded by Brother Martin de Porres Gaines, a third order Franciscan, under the patronage of His Excellency, Bishop Bernard J. Topel. Brother Martin begs for contributions. He is not supported by any subsidies, any "tag day" charities, or any organized alms collections. He is aided by a staff of young men who come to the House of Charity with the intention of "giving up the world and dedicating themselves to God and His poor." Bishop Topel is anxious to have Brother Martin and his aides receive some sort of canonical status, and will recommend this as soon as there are sufficient vocations, Bro. Martin says.

Now about Washington, D.C.

The aim of these poor men is to provide two meals a day for all the hungry men in the city, and to house as many as possible. They also want to provide medical and dental service. They have a chapel, with Mass every day. They have, so far this year, served about 50,000 meals; and there have been something like 700 Communions among the men. Bro. Martin is asking for volunteers.

Now, about the time we heard the story of Spokane, we had a distinguished guest here at Madonna House, Llewellyn Scott, "the poor man of Washington, D.C." We also had, not as a guest but as a Staff Worker, the former manager of the Peter Claver Center in Washington, D.C., Jim Guinan. Peter Claver Center was part of the Friendship House movement, and Jim was something of a rival of Llewellyn's in caring for hungry and homeless men. It seemed fitting therefore that he should write a story about Llewellyn. This is it.

By Jim Guinan

In a run-down section of Washington, D.C., just five minutes walk from the Capitol, there lives a man known personally by more Washington residents than the President, the Vice-President or any political personage in the United States. He is Llewellyn Scott, a short, pleasant faced, colored gentleman who for the last twenty-five years or so has been devoting himself exclusively to the care of the most downtrodden men in the City.

Late this summer we were privileged to have Llewellyn with us here at Madonna House for a few days, along with his nephew, Roy Foster, who for the last ten years has assisted him in his work. His visit was not just by chance. Mr. Scott has desired to visit Madonna House for many years, but as he puts it, "sometimes I had the money and sometimes I had the time—this was the first time I had both together."

Bl. Martin's Hospital

Llewellyn wanted to come to Madonna House primarily because Mrs. Catherine Doherty, the foundress of Madonna House, was one of the two people most responsible for getting him started in his work. It was the inspiration of the "B" and of Dorothy Day that gave him the courage to strike out on his own a quarter of a century ago, and he and the "B" have been fast friends ever since.

Anyone acquainted with Llewellyn's work at Blessed Martin Hospice where he has housed and fed thousands and thousands of destitute men of every description—some surly, some meek, some drunk, some sober, some lice-infested, some clean—realizes that he has endured one of the most difficult apostolates imaginable. And yet, when you hear him talk you realize that here is a man who has truly obtained the hundred-fold reward that Christ promised to his followers even in this life. Mr. Scott limits his desires to his needs, and these he has always found fulfilled. So

much so, that he told us how one day reflecting on how much God had given him he worried about receiving too much of his reward in this life.

When Mr. Scott first started his apostolate, he was working for the government and used his salary to provide for the men he was assisting. He would prepare something for the men before going to work in the morning. On his return he would cook the evening meal and make arrangements for their sleeping. At different times he had someone who assisted him in the work, but it was only in recent years that he gave up this double burden of a full time job and a full time apostolate.



plants apple trees on a barren hill

He Gave up His Job

His doctor informed him that if he wished to live much longer he would have to give up either his government job or his work at Blessed Martin Hospice. He gave up his job. The work is supported entirely by voluntary contributions.

Mr. Scott obtains his wardrobe from the same used clothing contributions which he gives to the men staying with him. Much of the clothing is very good and often makes a great transformation in the appearance of the men. But according to Mr. Scott he himself never looks well dressed. As he explains it "my head is very large, and my body very small. I never seem to come across a hat big enough, or a suit small enough."

Some idea of the wonderful meekness and gentleness of the man can be glimpsed from the information that never once in his twenty-five years with these homeless men, many of whom came to him in moods of great hostility, has anyone attempted to do him bodily harm. Undoubtedly, the dedication and love with which he serves them make a deep impression on them.

Board of Directors

The simplicity and trust with which Mr. Scott faces the multitude of problems that come his way have been a source of bewilderment to many a policeman, city official, and organization man. Imagine the dismay of the social worker, for example, who upon asking Mr. Scott who were his board of directors received in answer a wave of his hands to religious images behind him. "There's my board of directors", he said, pointing to such distinguished people as Our Lady, St. Joseph, and Blessed Martin de Porres.

Though for long years his almost single-handed work among the poor was scarcely recognized, more recently Llewellyn Scott has become the recipient of a good deal of national attention. He has been the honored guest at many a social function and has had numerous awards presented to him. He has talked frequently on the radio and has made several television appearances. Perhaps the best known of the television programs on which he has appeared was "This Is Your Life" from which Blessed Martin Hospice received tremendous donations of money and food. But the more he has the more Mr. Scott gives away, so that there have been few periods when he has not had to rely on the providence of God for tomorrow's needs.

If from this very brief and inadequate picture you begin to envisage a modern St. Francis of Assisi, don't be too sure you're just letting your imagination run away with you. To those of us who have been privileged to know Llewellyn Scott personally the comparison seems a very natural one.

An Editor Comments:

There are many other lay Catholic organizations that feed men out of work—including Blanchett House in Portland, Ore., under the patronage of the Most Rev. Archbishop Howard, where 1,500 to 2,000 men are fed every day—but the point is that the people who operate these places are all poor themselves. Some have taken vows of poverty. And practically all of them have a particular devotion to Bl. Martin de Porres. It may be that Bl. Martin still carries on, not in himself now but in his friends. If you ask who feed the poor, therefore, we answer, "The poor."

The Power Of Love

By Rev. Emile Briere

The needs of men, the needs of the Church, are so immense that a veritable army of technicians and apostles are urgently required.

Already, to Latin America alone, Canada has sent one thousand missionaries, the U.S. twenty-two hundred, Spain nearly eighteen thousands. Yet these devoted priests, nuns, brothers, laymen and lay women hardly suffice. Communism spreads like the plague across countries whose moral fibre has been weakened by neglect, indifference, greed. Our neglect, indifference and greed. And theirs.

Technicians, specialists of all kinds are needed. To educate. To help raise the standards of living. To solve disastrous economic and political situations.

Can You Answer These?

Apostles—clerical, religious and lay—are needed. To preach the Gospel, to love.

Where are they?

Where are the "missionaries" for whom the whole world clamors? Our country as well as others.

Why are we always so far behind?

Perhaps because we have forgotten the words of Christ: "Amen, amen, I say to you, unless the grain of wheat falls into the ground and dies, it remains alone. But if it dies, it brings forth much fruit." We have not died to our selfishness. We refuse to love. We refuse to be channels of grace, of God's love. We make little of the opportunity given at every moment to love, thus kill our self love; thus bring forth much fruit.

There may be many saints living today. But there are always too few saints. The Church is moving ahead, true. But it could move much faster if we were fired with the love which animates the Mystical Bride of Christ for Her Beloved, for Her children.

To die to self, to love—this is a favorite theme of all spiritual writers, of all who speak or write about the apostolate in our own day. Seasoned missionaries put it this way: "The central problems of a missionary's challenge is to die to his own way of life so as to present the true face of Christ to people who belong to another way of life."

You are an Apostle

Strong words which go to the very heart of the matter and clearly define the essence of every apostolate. Of the Christian life itself. For every Christian has been constituted an apostle by Baptism and by Confirmation. Every Christian has the right and the duty to help others reach salvation. Every Christian has been sent on a glorious mission.

He lives in the world, as in a foreign country, there to speak the words of Another, to accomplish the plans of Another, to bring the love of Another incarnated in his own heart.

Fruits there will be. Success measured by the growth of the Mystical Body of Christ, by the increase of Caritas—of true supernatural love—if the Christian strives valiantly to die each day to self. If he loves. For the act of oblation love kills the evil love of self more surely than anything else. God makes this possible by placing in us the power to love. Of ourselves we "can do nothing".

Christ died to self before dying on the Cross. In the luminous words of St. Paul: "though he was by nature God... he emptied himself, taking the nature of a slave and being made like unto men."

"Let this mind be in us which was also in Christ Jesus." Let us empty ourselves and the power of God's love through us, His associates and representatives, will fill our world.

Every Christian is an apostle. A sharer in the priesthood of Christ, capable of becoming a powerfully productive member of His Body.

You Are A Lover

Every Christian is needed in the gigantic struggle for the souls of men. The apostolate cannot be limited to a few. All men are called to a life of love. All those who are confirmed have been given the power (or virtue) of Charity and the joyful responsibility of spreading it throughout the whole world.

We must have faith, a dynamic appreciation of what we are. God has made us great. God has endowed our weakness with His power. What are we doing with it?

Pusillanimity—a faintheartedness, timidity—may well be one of our greatest sins. We are afraid to venture, afraid to live, afraid to die, afraid to love, afraid to move. We are tepid. Like lukewarm tea unfit for drink. Nauseating. Many peoples reject us. Many cultures throw us up. Few there are in this

world who desire to sip the Christian cup.

We have offered them ourselves, our thoughts, our way of life, our culture. We have not died to all that. We have presented a deformed Christ. Not Christ, but a poor substitute. Too often have our apostolic endeavors been gauged by temporal and worldly success. Prestige, status, wealth. There have been heroes of the Cross. There have also been tailcoat-riders of Imperialism. At home and abroad.

Charles de Foucauld went to the desert and atoned. He died to self, to his own culture, his own way of life. He offered his love to God and God's love to all who came by. So can each one of us do. In the "desert" of one's home, office, or factory. Peacefully. Joyfully. Knowing that we are building the Body of Christ, that we already share in the glory of the Risen Christ.

Christians of the world arise. You have nothing to lose but your fears.

Nunc

Not for today, but for this hour,

Lord, Give me Your grace.

Today is long; for this one hour,

Lord, My duty trace.

I think I can, for one brief hour,

Lord, A promise make.

Help me to pray this prayer

From hour to hour, Lord

For Your dear sake.

Sister Mary Adelaide, S.S.C.M.

A Rectory Minus The Rector

By Rev. Thomas Rowland

In telling the story of the transformation of the parish rectory into the home of Maria Reina, the Balmorea, Texas foundation of the Madonna House Apostolate, Father Tom—one of our own priests—omits a lot of details. He has neglected to say, for instance, that when he gave up his nice roomy house to the Lay Apostles, he went to live in a small room off the sacristy of his church. I have seen austere hermits who have much larger quarters than Father Rowland's "home and office." There is barely space for a desk, a cot, two chairs, and a place to store his clothes. He gave the comfort of the rectory to the local director, Theresa Davis, and her assistant, Marilyn Williamson. And for Joe Walker he built a separate little house. Incidentally the house is bigger than Father Tom's office-home. And it is better equipped!

Balmorea, Texas; It was a crisp December night when I walked, from my new home across the parking lot, to the house that had once been the rectory. About in the center of the area I stopped and studied the old building. And a flood of memories came back to my mind. Pastors, like grandfathers, have a sort of special gift for reminiscing. I couldn't help thinking about the changes that had come over the place since I had vacated it for new and younger spirits.

Now, I don't want you to think I was really all that sloppy, but you know how bachelors are with no one to look after them. Oh, I made my bed each day, and cleaned the papers out each week. I stacked the magazines in the corner. It is amazing how that corner kept getting nearer the center of the room. There weren't many dirty dishes sitting in the sink. Just the plate and cup I used all the time. The coffee pot wasn't polished, but there was coffee inside. The best polished kitchen utensil was the can opener. Why, with cans and frozen foods, even I became quite the cook.

Father Tom's Cabin

No it wasn't that so much as it was the little things. When I moved in years ago, the house wasn't quite finished. The plaster hadn't been given a second coat, the wood trim hadn't been finished; and somehow these things just never got done. The art work on the walls consisted of membership diplomas in various confraternities, and a framed list of the usual Diocesan stipends. The house was, you might say, typical of a set-in-his-ways country pastor.

And then came the change. Maria Reina arrived and the old dull dingy house became the bright and gay place that it is. The lights inside right now filter out through gaily colored drapes, or curtains, or whatever these modern designers call them. The multi-colored walls exude a warmth and cheer, echoed by the tastefully selected furniture covers.

Isn't it amazing what a little bit of dye can do!

And those old diplomas on the walls... are gone. In their places hang beautiful pictures, designed to fill one's heart with peace and joy. Those old floors shine now with a new pride almost defying one to walk across them lest you mar their beauty. Here and there potted plants unfold their varied leaves in most interesting patterns. Yes indeed, a tremendous change has come over the old house! Once it was the house of a country pastor. Now it has become a home, a home of light and cheer, a home of love.

House and Parish

I'd say that house pretty well exemplifies what has happened to the parish since Maria Reina came. There used to be a picket fence around the house, a picket fence with a gate. I wonder how many people who once walked past that gate now wander in and out of the house.

Right now the choir is practicing in one room, and a lecture on Advent customs is being given in another. Every night the front door, now painted a luscious blue for Our Lady, swings open and lets more of Her children in. And once inside they learn more of God's love for them.

The parish priest's old house is now a parish house, and the parishioners come and go, and go and come. The house is alive and so is the parish.

This is the great thing that Maria Reina has done. They've not brought too many new ideas. We weren't so far behind the times when they came. We tried the dialog Mass. We talked about Advent wreaths. We tried to keep Catechism classes going, teaching the children about God's love for them. But, like the dull house that has come alive, these ideas have come alive, and, in the beauty of their full bloom, have begun to attract.

In a way, I guess the very fact that I am standing out here, the moon light shining on my white flourish inside, is another picture of what I mean. But I'd better be hurrying along. They'll be waiting for me to come to bless them. Besides that if they catch me out here without a hat, there certainly will be a fuss.

Edmonton Snapshots

By Thurston Smith

Catholic Information Center, Edmonton, Alberta — Here are three snapshots taken at random from the cluttered file at the Catholic Information Centre.

1. "Where are you fellows when we need help?" The Brother Christopher, my brother in Christ, was a pathetic figure in his drunkenness. From some half-conscious depth of self-loathing and remorse he was beseeching me for help and so I lingered. "I know He's up there. He runs the show, I know that." He kept talking. His wife had gone back to England with the children, and he missed her. He knew he needed help. But we weren't there. I thought: "Mary you sure arranged the time for him." I had come out of Marian Centre just as he was coming up the avenue. After fifteen minutes, he went off, still very intoxicated, towards the government hostel. We'll meet again, I'm sure. He will come when we are there to help him.

Paul phoned again today. I was in the Centre. "Are you open today?" It was Labor Day and we weren't officially 'open'. I told him to come to Marian Centre tonight and I would give him the Rosary.

Paul is a blind Metis Indian, who phoned last week to ask if we sold Lourdes water. At the time, one of our new volunteers said she knew where some could be obtained. I told him then about the Rosary we had, which had some Lourdes water in it. He wanted it right away.

Tonight he came for the Rosary, and asked all kinds of questions. How many drops of water? What was on the medal? Did we have a picture of St. Bernadette to whom he prays regularly? Paul speaks quietly but eagerly. He goes to Mass every day.

3. Audrey has moved to Calgary, and there is a certain vacuum at the Legion table. Picture a pretty 18 year old with a warm personality. She goes out with a fine young Catholic boy who takes her to Mass for the first time. His attention never swerves from the altar. She is dumfounded. She has never met any boy like this. What is in this Catholic religion anyway?

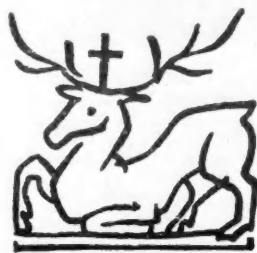
Imagine her on her way to work every day passing by the Information Centre many times, lingering often, but afraid to come in. She was baptized a year ago. A few months later she joined the Legion of Mary. She was an apostle from the beginning. People stopped and looked at her. The gentleness of God combined with her natural beauty, shone out from her. She became, and still is, a beacon of light to others. We shall miss her.

LET US PRAISE WOMEN

By Cathy Maynard

La Casa de Nuestra Senora, Winslow, Arizona. The women I'm going to tell you about are among the most wonderful and generous in the world—though, they'd be the last to admit it. Our two volunteers, Gladys Rivard and Lillian Leahy. Both left Detroit, last January. They retired from their jobs, and left home, families, friends, and all things familiar, to live and work in the dust of Winslow, close to the Casa. Their days are monotonous rounds of routine; yet filled with a special kind of excitement. They came here to "scrub, and cook and wash and iron" to quote them, "so that you girls can use that valuable time to do things we can't do".

In addition to household chores Gladys turned out to be a book-keeper-blessing in disguise; and Lillian's green thumb and fund of knowledge has already started to make this little corner bloom. Their days from breakfast in the morning until after supper at night are spent with us — FOR GOD! They share our prayers, our joys, our sorrows, our jokes, our worries, our plans, our work and sometimes our relaxation.



They Are Really Ours

They support themselves and have an apartment of their own in town. They do not have the security of belonging in any official way to our group... and this adds a few more notches to their generosity. However, the bond of love and interest and sharing that binds them to us, and us to them, is a big, strong one, and in that sense, THEY BELONG TO US IN A VERY SPECIAL WAY.

We give them nothing but our love in return. And our dirty dishes. Our dirty laundry. God gives them the peace and joy and contentment that they seem so full of—and He will give them more than we can imagine when they meet Him face to face in Heaven. These are women who will never grow old, or dull, or lonely, because they have a purpose, an interest, an apostolate, and a life to squander for God. These are our volunteers. Does it give you any ideas? ? ?

There are other wonderful women I'd like to introduce. Some local women, from the other parish, who are in a way, volunteers, too. Every Thursday evening, for the past two years, from five to ten of them come to the Casa. They sew and chat, and sometimes fold letters, or stuff envelopes. One day when the manpower was not available, and the need quite desperate, they carried and stacked 800 adobe bricks! These were donated and we had to pick them up—load them on a truck—bring them about a mile, then unload and stack them. Each brick weighs about 40 pounds. The women worked from nine in the morning, until after four in the afternoon. That's generosity hard to beat!

God Will Remember

Most of the quilts we cover ourselves with, are made by them, from your scraps. Some stuffed Indian dolls, made lovingly, then raffled or sold from California to Connecticut are also the work of their hands.

Delicious Indian bread from their old-fashioned, but hard to beat, out-door ovens, finds its way often to our table.

In the two years and more that we've known them, no need or request of ours has been ignored. Through their interest, one husband, a plumber, donated all his time, and many materials to the plumbing needs of our new building, San Jose. You know, it would really be impossible to enumerate all that these women have been to us. God, however, has taken every little action into account, and you can be sure that He will not forget it!

These are the busy women of the earth, the mothers of large families, with all the cooking, cleaning, ironing, etc., that goes with rearing children and making a home. The busiest people are the ones that somehow find the time to do just a "little more". Our new adobe building needs some plastering on the outside. No one, but no one, knows how

to plaster with mud like these Indian ladies! And they will do that big job for us!

Our Friend Miller

Our neighborhood, south of the tracks, is peopled mainly by Mexican families, some negro families; a few Indian families; several Santa Fe Railroad families, the staff worker of La Casa; and MISS MILLER.

It's a neighborhood most people dream of leaving. The railroad employees live here on a temporary basis, because their company provides suitable houses. The others are here by "heredity" or "necessity" (no one else will rent to them in better neighborhoods, or they can't afford the prices). Some few prefer this neighborhood, though they are in the minority; and a very small number have never thought much one way or another whether they prefer it or not. The staff workers are here for the Love of God, under obedience. MISS MILLER is here, too, because she loves!

She loves "Southside". She loves her job, her life and her little house. But mostly she loves these people. Her house and yard are only a few steps from the public school where she has taught the first grade for almost as many years as she has lived here. The rooms of that house are often filled with the noise and laughter of children, or with the tears and the woes of their elders.

Light Up The Dark!

She is a dedicated woman. Gentleness. Kindness, understanding. Selflessness. None of these do complete justice to a description of her. Though not a baptized Christian, she exemplifies the virtues that should mark every lover of Christ.

She is more than just a teacher. She is a neighbor, a helper, a friend-in-need. Her job doesn't end with the final bell at the end of a day. Her job goes around the clock and lasts all year. This is only possible when it ceases to be a job and begins to be a "life". During the summer her yard is filled, most mornings, with groups of little ones, having a special kind of summer school.

Miss Miller gives much attention to those who do not learn fast, who get little extra time and attention during the school year. Her bookshelves have provided many hours of fun and knowledge for young and old alike. Long before there was a Casa, with its library and study hours, Miss Miller was here. She has contributed so very much to making the darkness on this, the wrong side of the tracks, a little brighter!

Volunteers! We sing their praises loudly, so that all will know about them, the "wonderful women in our life"!



Not so very long ago Catherine Doherty decided to erect a statue of St. Joseph on the grounds of Madonna House. She didn't want an ordinary statue. She didn't want one of plaster. She didn't want one depicting him as an old and senile man. She wanted a statue carved from a wood that would stand the Combermere climate — which sometimes gives us 49 below zero weather, but never never 50 below. She wanted a statue with dignity. She wanted a tall statue. She wanted a figure with tools in its hands. So, studying various catalogues, she found what she wanted. But the price was stupefying—four hundred dollars!

She prayed about it. And she wrote about it, in this paper. And she asked for funds. Two women wrote and each enclosed a check. Catherine had \$400. She bought the statue.

The men of Madonna House made a cement base for it, fixed a wooden shrine around and about it, and made it look like the entrance to a carpenter shop. They hung some tools on the walls, and put a few pieces of lumber near his feet—because we need tools, and we need lumber constantly for new buildings. Two girls, Mary Davis and Sandra Wood, produced one of the finest and most colorful gardens in North America for the saint to gaze upon. But sinners can look at the garden too. And they can talk to St. Joseph privately, while pretending to be absorbed in the beauty of the flowers.



OUR OWN WHO'S WHO

Miss Josephine Halfman, our circulation manager, is affectionately hailed as "Jo-Jo". She came to Madonna House, in 1957, from Gary, Indiana. Indirectly, that is. She has several degrees from the University of Detroit and the Indiana Extension, at Gary. She majored in Chemistry.

Before she decided that her vocation lay in the apostolate of Madonna House she worked in the laboratory of the General Motors Corporation in Detroit, and taught at Compton Junior College.

Her duties are many. So are her responsibilities. Filing is just one of the things she does. The smile you see in the picture is real. You don't have to aim a camera at her. The smile "comes natural."

CROSS OF SILVER

(Continued from page One)

The snails were coming down the center aisle. The cross-bearer passed me. The lighted candles passed me. Priests and acolytes passed me. It took them some time; but they achieved it. They were patient, but they were sure. The bishop passed me. A big man in his purple ceremonial. There was a long train on his robe, and a little boy in a red cassock on the end of it. The boy held the end of the robe high off the floor, and did his best to keep the solemn, sober, stately, unhurried pace of those ahead.

The bishop knelt and prayed. Everybody prayed. The bishop sat in his throne. Our chaplain, Father John T. Callahan sat on his right, and Father Emile Briere, another Madonna House priest, sat on his left. I felt better. There would be action now—undoubtedly.

Catherine's great hour had arrived!

Father Michael Barry, the bishop's secretary, read the Latin words written on the scroll. Then he read the English translation. Pope John XXIII, he said, deigned to confer on Catherine Kolischkine Doherty, the honor and dignity of the medal "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice." He gave a signal, and Catherine stepped into aisle, genuflected, went into the sanctuary, and knelt before the bishop. A woman in a dream! The bishop had the medal in his hands. It glinted in the light. He pinned it on her coat. He blessed it. Catherine kissed his ring, and rose. Father Barry escorted her through the sanctuary, down the altar steps. I went to meet her. A shining medal! A shining hour!

But the hour had only begun. The bishop had risen. He was speaking of his happiness in conferring this medal. He was speaking of Catherine and of the things she had accomplished. I didn't hear all he said. I was listening to other voices. I was listening to men and women who had jeered at Catherine through the years, especially when her apostolate was young, unknown, and struggling for life; when Christian women spat at her as she went by them; when Communists threw stones at her; when friends avoided meeting her on the street.

"The Good Old Days"

I was listening to insults I had overheard, stupid accusations, malicious innuendos and rumors, outright lies, and unexpected denunciations. "She's a heretic. She's a communist spy smart enough to fool the hierarchy of the U.S.A. and Canada. She thinks Negroes are as good as us. She's anti-clerical; give her a chance and she'll run your parish, God save us. She begs for charity and gives the money to Stalin. She spends it on dope and booze and a dozen Negro lovers. She's a racketeer. She ought to be prosecuted. She ought to be deported. She ought to be shown up for the hypocrite and the phony she is."

I was remembering incidents too, and people—as she was, herself, perhaps, while the bishop talked. The Negro woman in Chicago who used to put four pennies and a pack of cigarettes on Catherine's desk every Saturday. All she could manage out of her week's pay. The widow's mite! The tough guy in Harlem who told her he ran all the rackets on the street—and who gave up all his rackets and went back to the Church. The aging merry "Aunt Dilly" who came into Catherine's life in one of its bleakest moments. A white woman with a red hat and a merry smile and twenty-five dollars she had been saving for her funeral. "Take the money, and take me. We'll both work for you while we last." The friendless old woman who once heard Catherine lecture, and left her \$10,000 in her will. "Slug," the chronic invalid who used to phone her when the pain was too hard to bear, and ask her to tell him funny stories. The little Negro boy who first called her "the Bee". "She's the Bee that makes the honey that's the money that keeps us dressed and fed and sunny." The seven "down and out bums" who came to her first Friendship House, in Toronto, during the Depression years—who became Catholic priests. The boys and girls who went out of her apostolate into convents and monasteries and rectories. The boys and girls who left to marry—and to carry on the work of the lay apostolate in their new vocation.

A Cross of Gold

Now and then I couldn't help stealing a glance at Catherine, and the medal. It seemed fantastic, that golden decoration hanging from its red and white striped ribbon. It didn't seem to belong there. Yet, I knew somehow, this was the only place it did belong.

A newspaper reporter, some time after the ceremony, asked me to describe Catherine's "costume". As though this were a

"Society event." I couldn't help him. It was just a pickup dress and jacket somebody had donated. It was presentable. It was wearable. It was available. It fit. It wasn't the smartest outfit in the world. It wasn't the worst. It was just a second-hand coat and dress, a humble ensemble for so proud and glorious an occasion. Yet it was the best in our clothing room.

But then, does one "dollar" to receive a gold medal from the bishop and the pope? Maybe; but not if one has a vow of poverty; and not if one has worn only castoffs for thirty years or so.

Catherine had been honored before. Two generals of the last Czar of all the Russians kissed her on both cheeks and pinned medals on her tunic. One of those medals was the highest a woman in the Russian army could win. Queen Elizabeth gave her a medal for her work with St. John Ambulance. And the Franciscans gave her the Poverello medal, in Steubenville, O., in 1957. But this was the most unexpected, and most cherished, medal of all.

A Cross of Silver

It was a beautiful octagonal cross that shone on the "clothing room special." It was a golden symbol of a life that had been lived by the golden rule. It was a fit companion for the silver cross that dangled from the chain around her neck, the symbol of our lay apostolate, the cross of Caritas and Pax, of Love and Peace. And it had a meaning beyond all this. A splendid meaning. It meant that the pope not only approved of Catherine and the work she had done during the last thirty years; but he honored and blessed her for it. Pope Pius XII had once blessed Catherine, and all her associates, and all those who had helped her, and those who would help her in the future. But he had done this privately. Pope John had honored her publicly this night, through his representative, our gracious bishop. It meant also that both pope and bishop had placed their protection around Catherine, and around Madonna House.

Bishop Smith presided at Benediction, and Father Callahan and Father Briere, in Dalmatic and Tunic assisted him. How wonderful to see them there! Then, abruptly, weirdly, everything was over. The procession had formed and was racing to the front door. Now it raced! Everybody was going out into the cold. Me, too. "Forty minutes," a priest said. "All this in forty minutes. Fancy!" Forty minutes? Had it paid for the thirty years of Catherine's unceasing work and prayers? Maybe it had. She looked radiant now. She looked new!

But forty minutes? Mister, I spent hours there that night!

THE FAMILY APOSTOLATE

By Rev. John T. Callahan

As I mentioned in last month's article, I intend to present, with the kind permission of the publishers, the excellent advice from the book, "Master Your Tensions and Enjoy Living Again", by Dr. George Stevenson and Harry Milt, published by the Prentice-Hall Inc., of Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey. The following material is taken from Chapter 13 of this book.

Parental Love Can Get Confused

"The very great majority of parents love their children. It is instinctive for them to do so. But, every so often, other elements get mixed into parental love, weaken it, and make it something other than simple, direct, unconditional love.

"A factor which very often colors and interferes with love for our children is our own competitive strivings. We want our children to be as smart, as attractive, as popular, as successful, as well-poised, as other children, so that we can be proud of them and show them off.

"When that happens, admiration becomes a substitute for love. We admire the child when he makes a nice appearance, when he does well in his school work or games, when he is amusing, when he attracts the admiring attention of others. And when he doesn't, we either ignore him or show outright disapproval.

"Children sense this and they resent it. They want to be loved for themselves, not admired for what they do. They want to feel that no matter how well or how poorly they perform, how attractive or unattractive they are, their parents accept them and love them, just because . . . well, as a child would say, just because . . .

They expect to be criticized for their errors, scolded for their misdeeds, punished for their misbehavior. But they want to feel that this is something temporary, that

it has only to do with the immediate situation, that regardless of what they've done, their parents still love them.

They Trust Parents

"They suffer enough when they compare poorly with other children and feel the ridicule and contempt of acquaintances and friends. They want to know that if they can't find comfort and consolation anywhere else, they'll find it in the unquestioning love of Mother and Dad.

"Priscilla was a beautiful baby, so beautiful that strangers would come over to admire her in her carriage. At the age of two she was in a baby beauty contest, and at the age of three she was a professional model for baby clothing advertisements.



"As she grew up, her features changed and when she was five, she had lost much of her baby prettiness. With that change, there came a change in her parents' attitude. They no longer showered her with praise, and their show of affection was much less enthusiastic. The child was bewildered. She strutted and paraded in front of her parents the way she had done in the past but this only irritated them. Soon they were picking on her and scolding her for nothing at all. In a few months, the child changed from a happy, proud, confident little girl into a frightened, whimpering child.

"Then came time to start school and Priscilla cried and carried on and said she was afraid to go. Instead of consoling and reassuring her, her parents scolded and threatened. Every day during the first week of school Priscilla's mother was asked to come down for a talk with the school's guidance counselor, and there the whole story began to come out.

Duty of Parents

"After several sessions with the counsellor, Priscilla's mother began to understand what a shock it had been to the child to be suddenly "dethroned" and to lose her parents' acceptance and affection. The parents were given some good advice. They were told to praise Priscilla, not about her appearance, but about her other nice qualities, to show interest in her school work, to read to her and play games with her.

"This was excellent medicine, not only for the child, but for her parents as well. The parents learned that there was much more to their little daughter than her looks, and began to feel for her—probably for the first time since her infancy—a deep love, unobscured by surface admiration. This was all the child needed and she got over her school fright quickly.

"Having read what happened to someone else's child, you might well examine your attitude toward your own children to see whether it has been colored by your own competitive strivings. If it has, then you will certainly want to do something about it. Love can't be turned on at will, and you may find it difficult to flick off an old attitude and snap on a new one just like that. But you can start doing things which will give immediate reassurance to your children, and which may eventually result in a basic change in your attitude, as it did with Priscilla's parents.

"Don't wait for the good report card, the witty remark, the excellent drawing or composition to hug them, kiss them, and pat them on the back. Try pouring it on when they're doing nothing outstanding, when they're going about their routine activities, when they're just being themselves. This will convince them more than any long speeches or emotional declarations that you love them just for themselves. It will make them less jumpy about keeping your affection and approval, and develop in them the confidence they need to do their best spontaneously."

the sea, where, in centuries to come, they will once more help form great layers of thick rock. Creation could have put up a sign; "Business as usual during alterations." I began to see how a thousand years could be as a day to You—and how a humble grain of sand could outweigh a galaxy of stars.

But it was not a day to wonder about eternity or time. It was a bright, cold, beautiful day, and the proofs of Your love were everywhere I looked. Why do You always show me Your love, God? Why do I hug my little love to myself? Your Son once told the Pharisees that if His disciples did not show their love for Him by singing aloud His praises, the stones would cry out for them. I am a stone. I should cry out my love!

I brushed the dirt off the stone I had picked up, and saw a glorious red streak. I bent above the brook, and the thin silver lace fichu of ice it had thrown carelessly about its neck and shoulders, I rinsed the stone until, it seemed to me, it would drip crimson splendor. I imagined it lying at His knee, that night in Gethsemani, or at the foot of the cross that bitter day on Calvary. I imagined the blood gushing eagerly, joyously, lovingly, out of His lance-stabbed heart. And I cried out—not at all like a stone—"You too, Rabbi, have kept the best wine for the last!"

Beauty is Everywhere

I went down the road, after awhile, gathering other stones. For the first time I knew the fever of the rock collector. There were so many stones worth picking up, worth keeping. One looked like a brown and brittle Autumn leaf. I picked up a leaf near it. I could not say which had more beauty. But the stone would last. I dropped it into a pocket and threw the leaf away.

I saw a brown and red and yellow butterfly flitting above a milkweed pod. That was beautiful too, but what was it doing here this cold day? I looked at the pod, at its stylish rough, two-toned exterior—a lovely saffron pink and a peppered salmon pink. And I looked a long time at its pale gold inside. The pod was open and empty, all its winged children gone. Its lining was as smooth and lustrous as the nacre lining of a shell found on the shore.

I strolled a brief way through the woods; and I thought of a map in my geography book, in the fourth grade, in the old wooden Pennock public school in Chicago. It was a map of the United States, and each state had its own particular color. The woods are like that. Each section has its own tint, or shade, or hue. Here is a path bordered by tall Spruces. Here is deep shadow. Green shadow. Here are tiny green vines peering up through the scatter-rugs of dead and dying leaves. This is a dark green spot.

A few feet away there are no trees. There is blinding sunlight shining on white stones. And there are white straw flowers, each one slanting gracefully in her own direction, each one giving me a shy salute. And near by there are the white limbs of little birches.

Next to this white region is a brown room. Here the masses of pine needles are the color of so many rusty pins. There is a mesh of leaves covering brown rocks. And every leaf has its own individual shade of brown; yet all of them blend with the red brown of the dead pine needles.

Such Little Incense

Only You, Lord, could make a world like that. And only You could make the azure sky, with the white and gray clouds moving majestically across it. I wondered, childishly, if those clouds were made by the smoke of incense rising from burning censers on Your altars, and from the burning hearts of those who love You. But I knew that I was childish. What little incense we send up to You could never make a cloud.

I must have picked up forty pounds of stones that day. I put them around the statue of Our Lady of Sorrows, on my desk, thinking she might like the beauty of them. Her Son was a stone. He was the stone rejected by the builders—to become the cornerstone of our lives. And He selected a Rock on which to build His Church.

I picked up more stones in the days that followed. Do your angels spill them out on the roads each morning for Your children's delight? And do You, God, go about the world, each day looking for stones to carry home with You? If You do, remember me. I may be rough and ugly. But wash me and I shall be white as snow. And—I love You, Eddie.

DEAR BROTHER

By

Catherine DeHueck Doherty

Dear Brother: The other night I was praying quietly in our Chapel. It is a very simple little chapel, without pews, just benches; without kneelers, just the floor. I like the hardness of the wood under my knees. Somehow it brings me closer to the precious wood of the crucifix.

I had much to pray about. A priest belonging to the Oblates of Mary Immaculate had just visited us and showed us many slides of the west coast of British Columbia, in Canada. We work with the same Oblates of Mary Immaculate in the cold arctic part of Canada, the Yukon Territory. So we already knew something of what the young priest was trying to tell us. He was young and zealous and his voice trembled now and then when he tried to explain the tremendous need for lay missionaries in those rather wild and distant regions, where the only mode of travel is boats.

He Needs Brothers

He was a little worried too, less he paint too harsh a picture of the difficulties of such a mission life.

So far as we were concerned, he needn't have been afraid. We know and welcome those hardships. For we already have many lay missionaries from our Institutes in the missionary fields.

Somewhere along the line of his talk, he suddenly paused and without any connection to what he said before—he blurted out—"oh how we need Brothers!" Yes, they need Brothers, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, even as do all the other Orders. Brothers to build Churches . . . Brothers to teach Schools . . . Brothers to run machinery and to repair boats . . . and man them—Brothers to love, to serve the poor. Brothers to show the face of Christ.

I wonder, don't you, Dear Brother? why it is that our modern young men don't arise like an army of God and go forth to do just that.

If I were a young man, the idea of such a consecrated life, that would lead me to build Churches for Christ in the wilderness, would fire my imagination as well as my soul. What greater poem can a man write in the sands of time than a house built for God, to house the Christ-Child of Bethlehem, the dying Christ on the cross, and the living-loving Christ—of the Blessed Sacrament?

Song of the Hammer

The thought would literally make me hurry, hurry, hurry toward the Lord, with a handful of prayers that this was my vocation, that I might bring God to man and man to God, in constructing a Church in the wilderness, where souls are panting with a hunger and thirst for God. I would hear in my sleep the song of the hammer and the saw, singing "Gloria . . . Gloria . . . Gloria . . ."

And then again, to teach young innocent children, as yet unspoiled by civilization, the Glad Tidings, see their little hearts and souls and minds open to the gentle varieties of the faith—this would be like taking children by the hand and leading them to Christ directly.

I wouldn't even mention the fact that God would reward such young men with a measure pressed down and overflowing on the natural level—a beautiful wilderness—plenty of swimming, hunting, fishing and boating—while "going about our Father's business." Yet, why shouldn't I mention it? The Lord is never outdone in generosity.

The O.M.I.'s are in dire need of Brother vocations. There are so many Churches to build . . . so many children to teach. But even above that, there are so many priestly hands and feet to free. At the moment they are doing so much work, and each moment they spend at their tasks lessens the time for those priestly duties so needed everywhere.

Music Christ Heard

I mention the O.M.I.'s because the voice of the young priest, begging for lay missionaries and crying out for Brothers, was fresh in my ears that night when I prayed in our Chapel. But every Order

that has Brothers in their midst, and all the Orders of Brothers, need them just as much as the O.M.I.'s.

Our laymen and our laywomen are going out to the missions. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we found in every mission a Father and a Brother. What a family reunion this would be before the Lord!

So I stayed a little longer in our Chapel praying that American and Canadian young men might hear the song of the hammer and the saw, the song Christ heard for so many years of His earthly life—and that they might come to Him, humbly, and say "Lord, here I am. May I help you?"

Memories To Cherish

By Norma St. Clair

"Now, Kim, repeat after me, 'Our Father, Who art in heaven—'"

"Is Art in heaven?"

"Mommy, the kitties are out in the dark."

"That's all right. Kitties don't mind the dark."

"But Mommy, the dark will get in them eyes."

"The kitty isn't happy. Him isn't purring. Do you hear him not purring, Daddy?"

Busy little 3-year-old, with his many and varied mixes of mud-pies, mud cakes, mud donuts, and filtheum, his muddy little girl friend, "Husie," and his inexhaustible ideas for mischief! Who could resist those guileless blue eyes when they are focussed in an owlish stare of entreaty? Certainly not his Daddy or me. Like tonight. He came in from play at the end of an especially busy and naughty day, sneezing and chilly, asking to be put to bed with a box of tissues beside his pillow. Five minutes later, when I glanced into his room, he was sound asleep, looking like an angel, with a mound of tissues on the floor beside the bed, the empty box nestled under his ear.

A Little Ox

In this, his third year, he is branching out. Until now a pliable, good-natured baby, he has suddenly developed the stubbornness of an ox and the orneriness of a billy goat. He can be so exasperating I would gladly give him away, then suddenly twinkle into a grin, and climb onto my lap. I forget every single reason for being annoyed with him.

He is so sweet! They are all so sweet! Baby Philip, at 6 months, is so adorable I could almost eat him. He is so good, and so happy—he breaks into a grin at every glance and goes into paroxysms of giggles at the slightest touch.

Rickey at five, is very much affected by television . . . He took my hand recently and said, "Nice, soft hands—pink liquid Vel."

But three seems to be the age for original expression. And driving in the car seems to extract some of the most unusual remarks.

Let Out the Dark

It was Kim who asked his dad one night to open the car window to let out some of the dark because he couldn't see his feet. And Kim who exclaimed excitedly, at seeing a loaf of brown bread, "This bread has freckles." And who called a pair of ragged under pants "broken pants." He told me he hoped my big soap (scented) would hurry and "little up" so he could have the scraps.

Three is the age of making short, interested ventures and peeps at the larger world outside the home, while still clinging firmly to Mommy. It is being a baby and being a big and a little boy, alternately, and being highly indignant when he is taken for the one when he is presently the other. It is being a tease, and a pest, and being ornery and whiney and cranky on his bad days, and believing sublimely that all will be forgiven when he chooses to be sunny again.

And do you know? He's right!

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